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THE KOREA FIELD.

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FALLEN BEFORE THE BATTLE.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform" and our mission has lately been looking on in bewilderment at the working out of His purposes in sending promising recruits and in cutting them off before we had even grown accustomed to their presence. Rev. Walter V. Johnson and Mrs Emily Hartman Johnson seemed marked for the Foreign Mission Field by many circumstances. Those who were well acquainted with them and those who knew them but for a brief time alike speak of this in no ordinary language. They were both graduates of that western institution which is so fast acquiring the reputation of a Holyoke and which has sent already not a few of our workers to this field, Park College. They sailed from San Francisco in the middle of December last. Two days out Mrs. Johnson was taken ill, an illness with which ship's appliances were insufficient to cope. She was landed at Kobe, Japan, on the 3rd. of January, suffering from an abscess of the ear which must have already invaded the brain. Operation, though then immediate, came too late, and she was laid in the foreign cemetery there.

Mr. Johnson rallied partly from the shock and joined his appointed station in Seoul. But God's hand was still heavy upon him. Weeks of unremitting care for his sick wife had exhausted his physique and he was unable to resist the attack of the smallpox germ. Suffering at the outset apparently from but a mild form of the disease, he gradually yielded to it in spite of all treatment and of the most skilful nursing, and left us on March 18th. to join her toward whom his spirit had been constantly yearning. Intensely we were beginning to covet his gentle

presence among us, but our Father had need of him elsewhere.

SYEN CHYUN TO SAK JU.

By Rev. C. E. Kearns.

I have just returned from accompanying Mr. Ross on the first stage of the long trip to the north made memorable by the death of Mr. Leck a little more than a year ago. His was the first attempt to penetrate the mountainous regions in the northren part of North Pyeng An Do for the purpose of visiting the scattered groups of Christians which had sprung up as if by magic and which were calling loudly for some one to come and instruct them. It is not an easy trip. The country is very mountainous and the roads are difficult. The farthest point from Syen Chyun, Kangkei, is 750 *li*, and the whole trip including the side trip into Manchuria makes a circuit of about 1600 *li* and takes six weeks to do properly. Mr. Leck covered most of the trip before his death and gave the people their first instruction in Christian truth. Mr. Whittemore took the same trip just after annual meeting, baptizing many of the people whom Leck had received as catechumens; and since then many of the groups along the route have come in contact with the missionaries through their representatives who came into Syen Chyun for the winter class. Their earnestness is shown by the fact that they paid their own traveling expenses and expenses while in Syen Chyun during the class. Three men came the 750 *li* from Kangkei.

Mr. Ross and I left Syen Chyun early February 27 with four mapus and ponies, our two boys, and the Korean helpers Han Chosa and Elder Nyang. Two of the mapus, Koand Kang, were the same two who went with Mr. Leck on the trip

and though these fellows were pretty rough specimens of what has been called the roughest class in Korea, yet they spoke of Leck in terms of the deepest respect and revealed almost as much feeling at the mention of his name as the helpers, both of whom were also with him on his fatal trip. We had a copy of Mr. Leck's diary of the trip as published in *The Korea Field*, and consulted it at each place with great interest.

Our road the first day was abominable—a streak of deep mud about two feet wide that wriggled along the steep sides of mountains or climbed over almost impossible passes or lost itself among the boulders along some rocky stream at the bottom of a ravine. Although I had taken one horse with no load but my American saddle I had to walk or rather wade much of the way, and Ross, whose horses were both heavily loaded, walked most of the time. We made no stop for dinner but pushed on to Sai Tyang, Kou Shyung County, arriving there about three o'clock. This little group of ten baptized and 15 catechumens is interesting because it has furnished several men who have been deemed fitted for wider spheres of usefulness, and just recently we have had to take away their leader to make a language teacher for Mrs. Kearns. The deacon who has succeeded to the leadership of the group was very cordial. Ross held an examination and baptized two, one being the deacon's daughter. One man was received as a catechumen. We had a service in the evening and spent the night in the church.

Next morning one horse was unable to travel though we had done only sixty *li* the day before and this was apparently the strongest horse and the one that Ross had counted most on for the whole trip. We sent it back to Syen Chyun and took three men to carry the load to the nooning place, hoping to get others there. Found a horse at the nooning place. The mapu was very unreasonable at first but finally decided to go the whole distance to Kangkei at the same wages the other mapus were getting. He became very interested and attended all of the meetings at each place we stopped at. The road was, if anything, worse than the previous day's journey, but the scenery was superb. When night came we were

winding along a narrow ravine with the road overhanging a rocky stream in a dangerous way and the mountains rising high on either side. We were three hours journey from any place in which we could spend the night and I was beginning to wonder how we would ever get there when suddenly torches flared up ahead and shed their wierd light over the road. This was the happy thought of Han chosa and Ross's boy, who had gone ahead and made up the torches. We had a torch light procession till about nine o'clock, when we reached Syo Pal Yung church in Sak Ju county. The Christians met us a long ways out with lanterns and could hardly be persuaded to let us go to bed after we had had supper.

This is a most romantic little nook shut in by the mountains and far from the world. The houses are scattered around in the ravines, only three houses being in sight from the church. Sunday was spent here, Ross preaching in morning and evening and examining candidates in the afternoon. My part in all the services could only be that of a listener. The women were the hardest to examine. They seem to take it for granted that it would be impossible for then to understand what the foreigner is saying, so every question has to be repeated by the helper. This is a small group with only one baptized man. They had been visited three times, once by Mr. Leck and twice by Mr. Whittemore. A man and his wife were found ready for baptism and were baptized with their infant child in the evening, and we celebrated the first communion in this little church with eight communicants, the three baptized people in the group, Han Chosa, Ross and I, and our two "boys." Elder Nyang had turned back at Sai Tyang.

Monday morning after some rough traveling we came out on the main road between Sak Ju and Kou Shyung Kols and had good roads for a while. Stopped for dinner at Tai Kwan. Leck's diary reports a household of ten believers at this place but we were repeatedly assured that there were no Christians in the place. Had some trouble in shutting out the mob of sightseers long enough to eat our dinner. While we were eating a man came who said he had been a Christian and had attended

the Syen Chyun class but had ceased to believe on account of persecution. He unburdened himself freely but we were not entirely convinced of his repentance. We urged him to accompany us to Sak Ju Kol but he said that was impossible. We traveled till dark and just at dusk climbed to what we supposed was the top of a very high mountain pass and stopped at an inn for the night. In the morning we found that our inn was really only about half way up the pass. Climbed the rest of the way and slid down the other side the best we could. Most of the passes were like that, mud on the south side and ice on the north.

Left the main road again and wound off into the mountains, passing through beautiful places. One of the horses ran away just in one of the most beautiful spots—a small valley surrounded by lofty mountains. On one side was a tall cliff of many colored squares of rock, looking like a huge mosaic and crowned with tall pine trees. The stream at the bottom was also bordered with trees and roared over a bed of huge boulders. It would be an ideal spot for a summer retreat. Just around a bend in the valley we stopped at a little church for dinner. The leader went on with us to Sak Ju Kol, which was only twenty *li* away.

Leaving the church we had another queer experience. The road followed the narrow winding valley for some distance and then suddenly turned to the left towards a high wall of rock that apparently shut off all prospect of travel in that direction. We began to wonder how we were going to get over or through such a barrier as that. When we reached the base of the mountain we found that the road wound in a spiral up the side of the mountain, zigzagging back and forth across the face of the rock. We were half an hour climbing this fire escape arrangement and fairly had to hold our breaths every time we looked down. The descent on the other side was a trifle more gradual and led us down grade into Sak Ju city, of which we got a magnificent view from the top. It is a very small city, not over twenty rods across between the walls, I should think. For its size it is a tolerably wicked little place, soldiers and dancing girls forming a considerable

percentage of its inhabitants. We heard a tradition to the effect that Dr. Moffett had once had rocks thrown at him in Sak Ju city and one of the women said that she had been baptized by Mr. Baird several years ago, so that the place has evidently been visited by missionaries for some time, but the curiosity of the people and their scorn of the foreigner seem to be about as great as it was when the country was first opened.

Our visit was from Tuesday evening till Thursday morning with services two evenings and one forenoon. Just as we were about to begin the evening meeting which was to be the last two women came in having walked 40 *li* from Chang Shyung Kol in the mud. They were applicants for baptism and we delayed the meeting long enough to examine them. Both were very bright and passed good examinations, but it was found necessary to defer the baptism of one because of a scandal in her family which might have affected the church had she been admitted. These Koreans flock by families to an extent that an American can hardly realize at first, accustomed as we are to our highly individualized life. We had a most impressive service with six baptisms and reception of catechumens followed by the communion service.

Next morning I said goodbye to Ross and started back to Syen Chyun, leaving him to continue his six weeks' journey over the ever higher mountains to the north. I came back by the main road to Syen Chyun without special incident except that I gained a little experience in dealing with mapus. Since these fellows with their little ponies are the only Korean equivalents for "Twentieth Century Limited" trains and "Red Demon" automobiles, the innocent newly arrived foreigner is apt to imagine that their business is to travel. It doesn't take long however to decide that their principal business is to avoid traveling, at least fast enough to be detected in the act. I had been congratulating myself that, though a greenhorn, I was getting along with less friction with the mapus than Ross, but on the last day of my return trip I changed my mind. My men declared they could not possibly get back to Syen Chyun in less than four days. I said, "All right, do it in three and I will pay for four." They accepted the pro-

position and we got along so well that we stopped the second night only sixty *li* from Syen Chyun and I congratulated myself that I would be able to take tiffin next day in Syen Chyun, having done the trip in two and one half days. We had often done sixty *li* in a half day. However I had neglected one little point. I had paid them the last of their money before going to bed. We started early and could easily have gone into Syen Chyun by eleven o'clock but the mapus had lost their "going mind" and, to my intense disgust, they insisted on stopping for dinner at ten o'clock while still thirty *li* from Syen Chyun, which meant that we would probably get home by dark. I exhausted my small stock of Korean expletives and then walked the thirty *li* to Syen Chyun, arriving at 12:30 in plenty of time to eat dinner with Mrs. Kearns.

IN PRISON YE CAME UNTO ME

Throughout the most of the winter Rev.

D. A. Bunker has been permitted to preach every Sunday in the Kam Ok Sa, the city prison. At his suggestion a library has been established there by the Korean Religious Tract Society. The record-book kept by one of the prisoners, who acts as librarian, shows a very gratifying circulation.

Mr. Gale tells us "A former chief of Police, Kim Chang Sik, used frequently to call on me. He heard the Gospel many times, but his thoughts were engrossed in political affairs, so that the words found no lodgment. A year passed and Kim fell under suspicion. His political views were questioned and so he was locked up in the Kam Ok, or lowest prison. While there the library attracted his attention, and he borrowed from it and read over again what he had heard but failed to listen to. The New Testament and Bunyan's Pilgrim were full of meaning now. So interested was he that he sent by secret messenger a little tightly rolled letter to my helper. It read, 'I have learned from these prison books what the teacher meant when he talked to me of the Gospel. I have borrowed the books, but I want them for my own. Send me a copy of the New Testament and one of Bunyan. Also kindly let some missionary lady tell my wife what

the Gospel means.' Signed Kim, Kam Ok Prison."

"THE PRODIGAL SON" IN THE MARKET.

*From April Station Report of
Rev. F. S. Miller.*

Mr. E. H. Miller and I left Seoul March 19th., accompanied by Helper Kim, all three on bicycles, for a trip to Chung Chong Do. Wednesday morning we visited Chong Chu Up market. We took two thousand leaflets, giving the parable of the Prodigal Son and an explanation and application of it. Of these we gave out six hundred before we reached the market. I never saw such a demand for tracts as at this market place. The helpers and I had had the same experience there before, though it was not market day when I passed through then. Mr. Miller and the Koreans escaped the crowd and got across the stone bridge by jumping off at the side. I, like Horatius, was "held up" on the bridge for a while, though I was nearly shoved off by the hands that were thrust at us for leaflets. After finishing one bunch I held up two empty hands and got away from that mob.

A little further on, pulling out another bundle, I was immediately surrounded by a wall of faces and projected hands so close to me and so thick that I had to put away my leaflets and tell them I could not distribute tracts unless they drew back. As soon as I finished that bunch I escaped with the same show of empty hands, went a little further and took my stand on a slope, with a fence behind me, and finished my allotted task. The others had gone further down the market place, and as I walked empty-handed after them I heard many demands for leaflets. Some probably got more than one, but not more than one-half the crowd received any at all. I saw fifteen men gathered around a man who read the old story of the Prodigal aloud, and only two in the crowd appeared to have leaflets. There must have been three thousand men there: they say that frequently that many attend.

We waited until the next market day, so as to give out leaflets again, but rain

prevented. There is so much noise and confusion on the market days that preaching *viva voce* is not very useful, and a leaflet that can be hastily taken, stowed away in the pocket, and read after returning home, seems the most effective and enduring message.

CHUNJU NOTES.

By Rev. W. B. Harrison.

There is no great revival going on, but there is evidence that the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void," still holds good. It is a great pleasure to report that the work of the Lord prospers.

During the winter the church was enlarged, so that it will now seat two hundred. It took faith to go ahead with the work, for the congregations were growing smaller and there seemed to be no demand for more room. The plan to enlarge had been made when the house was well filled, the congregations were growing every Sunday, and a great revival seemed at hand. Not to go forward and enlarge the house would seem like a lack of faith. Another difficulty was that some were opposed to spending more money on a house which they did not own. They did not have the money to build a suitable permanent house of worship, and the congregation was too small and poor to hope to build such a house. To maintain the principle of self-support and to meet these conditions, they were told to enlarge the present house with the understanding that whenever they were able to erect a permanent one the amount spent improving this one would be returned to them.

Since the enlargement our faith has been rewarded, for the congregation has grown and the day does not seem far distant when more room will be needed. But more important than the material house is the spiritual, and that too is building. At the recent examinations in the local church 33 presented themselves; of whom 10 were baptized, 12 were enrolled as catechumens, and 9 were retained on the catechumen list, while two were rejected altogether. One of the latter used to drink and gamble and neglect his family, but now is sober and industrious. He would have been received as a catechumen, but he said

that when he is traveling and has carriers employed, he keeps the first part of Sunday holy, then travels the rest of the day. Among those baptized that day, Kumju and Mr. Chang presented a striking contrast; as she is thirteen years old and he is eighty-three; but their faith seems just the same. It was good to hear Mrs. Kim's testimony. She is a poor ignorant widow, living alone in a rented room, and peddles notions to supply her wants. Seeming to regret that she could not answer many of the questions and to feel that she was liable to be misjudged, she struck her chest saying, "I do not know any thing but there is always peace here. When I lie down and when I get up, whether I sit in my room or whether I go about the country, there is always peace in my heart."

The presentation of five infants for baptism two weeks later shows that the church is being established in the family.

Another indication of progress is the hearty adoption of the plan of taking a monthly contribution to pay the traveling expenses of members of the congregation who are sent into the country selling books and preaching. The offerings for this purpose are nearly double what they are on other occasions.

Again, the growth in Christian sentiment was clearly shown in the sickness and burial of Mr. Cho. Though they knew the typhus fever from which he was suffering was contagious, they ministered to him constantly and gathered in his room for prayer repeatedly. When there was no money to hire the usual bier-carriers without taking the widow's mite, and they had none to give, they made themselves of no reputation and carried the bier to the grave. A few years ago they would have thought they were forever disgraced if they had done such a thing.

Probably the most encouraging part of the work is the boys' and girls' schools, of which we will write more particularly at another time.

The number of cases requiring discipline has been unusually large. In several instances the offenses are found to be long continued and this may account in part for the lack of greater growth. But even to this cloud there is a silver lining. Members of the congregation urged discipline, the accused accepted

their sentences as just, and all have shown a growing conception of what the Church of God should be.

A long felt want has been supplied by securing a helper, who spends his time in pastoral work among the congregation and in itinerating in the regions beyond.

There is every reason to expect a steady substantial growth according to the measure of faith.

EACH THE CHIEF OF SINNERS.

From March Station Report of

Rev. A. G. Welbon.

We had intended to start on Monday, February 2nd., for the class at Pai Chun, but as it snowed nearly all day we did not get away till Tuesday. The roads were about as bad as they get. Three chair coolies gave out when we reached Song Do, and we were delayed there half a day, so that we were full three days reaching our destination. The men and women had already arrived, eager for study. Next morning at nine o'clock the class began with devotional exercises which lasted half an hour. The women then went to the helper's house and were taught by Mrs. Welbon. The men remained in the church and were taught the first Epistle of John by the hospital evangelist, Saw. In the afternoon we practiced singing from 1:30 to 2; then the Evangelist assisted Mrs. Welbon in teaching the women, while the helper and I taught the men. Evangelistic meetings were held every evening. These meetings were attended better than any we ever held in this place before. We trust that the seed sown did not all fall by the wayside.

The last morning of the class an hour was spent in a preparatory service for the communion to be administered next day. I never attended a meeting like it before. After the leader's remarks there seemed to be such a feeling come over the meeting that each felt himself to be the chief of sinners. Many were the confessions of sin, broken by sobs and tears. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room. It was a meeting long to be remembered, and I look for better things throughout that whole district, for it did look as though the Spirit was working in their hearts.

At the communion service there was an attendance of about 125, besides a large number of sight-seers. Several would not partake of the communion because of deep-felt sorrow for sin, but bowed in silent prayer and shed penitential tears.

At our last evening service, which was a testimony meeting, we had twenty-five testimonies in less than twenty minutes. Two or three were on their feet at a time. Each told of some special good thing he had received during the ten days' class. Some had received a new idea of God's wonderful love, some felt a deeper responsibility for the eternal welfare of their neighbors, others had a clearer view of sin and its terrible consequences, others felt as though they had just begun to believe, so happy were they in their new experiences. And so it went on. There was no preaching to others nor fear expressed that they would not be able to live because of the hard times. They all seemed to be thinking only of the things of the Kingdom.

The 36 men present came from 24 towns. The leaders in 19 of these places had a part of their expenses paid from Mission funds. The others, including the women, paid all their expenses. Counting the women, it will be seen that more than two thirds of those in attendance paid their own way. We should remember too that this is one of the most poverty stricken districts in our mission. The average attendance of the men for the ten days was 32. Three men were called home on the third day because of a death from typhus in their village and because no one would go to help bury him save the Christians.

WORK FOR TAIKU WOMEN.

From Annual Station Report, September,

1902.

In the report of last year the only women mentioned as professing Christianity were those belonging to the Bible class which was held weekly. Just after the Annual Meeting two members of this class joined the catechumenate, and one of these soon began working to bring others in. One of her neighbors who could read was the first approached. These two women met and studied to-

gether quite often. The neighbor woman referred to suffers persecution at the hands of some of her family whenever she is known to attend our meetings, so she has to come secretly; but her face is always bright and happy when she comes. Several others have been brought in by this same woman.

Last year, when the day for the class came we always sent a servant around to remind them that it was the day for study, but this year they said that would be unnecessary, for they would not forget. It has been attended well and regularly by all the class. Several are learning to read quite well, but we have not found time to devote to Enmun in the class, as it has seemed best to make it a class for the training of the Christian women in Bible truths.

In the winter we were able to secure Miss Chase's former Bible woman from Fusan. She is an old woman, shaking with palsy, but a very earnest old soul, and one who was baptized by Mr. Baird about ten years ago in Fusan. She has been working very faithfully. She has a room in the church quarters, so she has been able to meet any who called in search of the missionaries; and sometimes women who were waiting to see Dr. Johnson at the dispensary next door have come to her room to wait and have heard the Gospel there. She has spent much time calling, together with Mrs. Adams. They made it a practice to start out Monday morning and visit those of the Christians who did not come to the Sunday service, and very often found that sickness had prevented.

During a large part of the year Mrs. Johnson has devoted one afternoon a week to the entertaining of sight-seers in her home, making it an occasion for presenting the Gospel. In this way a large number of country women, as well as those from town, have been reached and seed sown.

The first Bible class for the country women was held this winter, lasting about ten days. Six women and two young girls, nearly all of them carrying babies on their backs, came to the class. They were bright women and eager to learn, so it was a great pleasure to teach them. Mr. Adams had the topical studies, the Bible woman gave lessons in the life of Christ, Mrs. Johnson taught them

singing, and Mrs. Adams taught Enmun. All took turns in leading the devotional meetings. It was a great help to the women here to see their eagerness to learn, and they in turn were helped not only by their study but in meeting the other Christians. One day, when the Bible woman was telling the story of Christ's suffering, one by one their eyes filled with tears, until all were quietly weeping. Two of these women have since entered the catechumenate, and we hear from their husbands that they seem to be changed women.

One Sabbath in the early spring, after the morning service, Mr. Adams had the women who were interested remain and asked who were believers and would like to join a class which would meet before or after the morning service for special study, to give in their names. To our great joy, there were twenty-four enrolled. Now there are over thirty making profession. They have met before the regular service on Sunday, and all have attended regularly. Again in the afternoon some eight or ten met for further instruction, thus making them different classes for the women.

Some friends belonging to a missionary society in America made us a present of a sum of money to build a women's *sarang*. This building is to be near a much-travelled country road, where on market-days many people are continually passing. It is just outside the big gate of our mission compound and will be a fine place to sell books and meet with the country women; and it will make a fine class-room.

The work among the girls which was begun last year has been continued by Mrs. Johnson, with the assistance of Mrs. Bruen after her arrival in May. The object has been to interest the girls and their mothers in Christianity, while teaching them to read and write; but as a heathen mother does not understand the importance of these things in comparison with the many uses she finds for her child's time, instruction has also been given in sewing and embroidery. The girls have met regularly once a week, and occasionally their mothers have been invited to meet with them. In this way the cooperation of the mothers has been secured and some of them have become members of Mrs. Adams' Bible class, besides attending church more or less

regularly. The Christian mothers seem to think it their duty to send the children to the class: one of them apologized profusely for not sending her little girl the week before, because, as she regretfully explained, she had the small-pox. When the work was first started, there was one haughty matron who cast much cold water on the scheme of attempting to teach reading and writing to so worthless a being as a girl. "If it were for boys, now, it would be different," said the old lady, "but what is the use of a girl's learning to read? Besides, she's better at home. Who ever heard of such a custom as letting a girl go out of the house to be taught?" It was, therefore, a source of gratification when, a week or so ago, she happened to call while the class was being held and expressed great delight at their singing of hymns.

THE "WHANG HAI DO PERSECUTION."

"Persecution" is one of the commonest words heard among Korean Christians, and in many instances with the clearest of reasons. The persecution spoken of above is in some sense a misnomer, yet also a real and widespread destruction of the most oppressive character. By no means leveled against our converts and churches alone, it has come nevertheless to be a serious menace to their life and to the progress of the Gospel in some of the regions where it has had freest course. Its growth has been a development of years and to some the outburst of the past winter was not unexpected. Legitimately it seems to be a direct outcome of a claim certain denominations of Christians are accustomed to make that the whole world is their delegated charge and that they must divide it up into parishes. That being the theory maintained by the Roman Catholic fathers in Whang Hai province, it has become gradually developed in the course of years in respect of a detail providing for the erection of parish churches by enforced taxation of the parishioners. Throughout large sections of that province we learn that no village is without its church building, for the erection of which all the inhabitants of the district have been forced to contribute. To this most of the people submitted tamely, being well prepared thereto by the national institutions and the practices of govern-

ment tax-gatherers, genuine and pretended. But when this enforced levy was attempted upon Protestant Christians difficulties were met for which the Romanist leaders had made preparation it would appear in their plans. Recalcitrants were visited by bands of armed men, forced to deliver up deeds and moveable property, beaten when they resisted, haled away to unlawful imprisonment, charged with false accusations before magistrates, confined for periods in private buildings, their families maltreated, their goods destroyed, their lives made unendurable from the hardships imposed. The civil authorities were themselves in many cases under the influence of the lawbreakers, or stood in awe of them, and so whole magistracies came to be terrorized by them. In more than one instance Christian churches have been well-nigh broken up and Christian communities depopulated by them.

The resistance of Protestants was often the means of arousing a popular sentiment against the plunderers, and during the past year this has resulted in the determined resistance of very many others, so that all the rest of the province may be said at the present time to be arrayed against the Roman Catholics. Some appealed to the Governor and some as high as to the supreme authorities in Seoul. A special inspector was sent down to investigate the conditions, and his enquiry and report have brought out numbers of cases of the harshest persecution, less than five per cent of them involving Protestant Christians, murder and every crime of the decalogue being their common incidents. The documents connected with some of these cases are printed in the March number of *The Korea Review*, and reveal a horrible misconception of the Christian religion on the part of its Romanist professors in this country, implicating, as they do, its foreign as well as its native adherents. In all such seasons exposure offers the most effectual check to the continuance of wrong doing and doubtless the conditions of the spread of Christ's Gospel in that section will now for a time be more unfettered. The immediate outcome is already seen to be a strong sentiment in favor of the Protestant form of Christianity among many who had hitherto given it no attention.

THE KOREA FIELD.

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THE KOREAN RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

It would be difficult for any missionary to imagine the limitations imposed upon his work of every day, were he without the literature to which we are accustomed to appeal at every turn. Like so many of the familiar blessings of life, its loss only would enable us to fully appreciate it. The many editions of the Scriptures and of Scripture portions issued by the Bible Societies, the books and sheets of the Korean Religious Tract Society, of the Methodist Episcopal Tract Society, and of a number of private publishers, are all so familiar to the working missionary force as to admit of little thought for the manifold forces by which they are produced. In fact most of us are so busy with the strain of the actual preaching and administration of church affairs as to have little time to spare in thinking of such matters.

The above named society includes us all in its membership, constructively, and, as far as we individually allow it, practically. It has been a growing force among us for nearly fifteen years. It is the agent of supply for much more than three fourths of the literature, outside of Scriptures, which we use in our work. More than thirty of us are among its officers and committeemen, and exceedingly busy committeemen in that case we are quite sure to be. A large debt of gratitude is due from us all to the Examining Committee of seven who yearly give careful examination to some forty manuscripts, involving much knowledge of divers practical subjects as well as close familiarity with Korean and Chinese. And the publishing and dis-

tributing work of the society has so grown within recent times that it is almost up to the full capacity of one worker to keep up with it.

With such facts in view, it is not surprising that the Society, in the person of its managing staff, should have found utterly inadequate the office and godown and salesroom accommodations with which they have hitherto been forced to shift. The rapid increase of stock has forced the Executive Committee this spring to rent another building for storage purposes in addition to the one in use, the past four years. But this is only a temporary expedient. The development of the Society in its service to the missionary body imperatively demands suitable accommodation, and the display of its many publications so as to properly advertise them and to increase sales to the city population demands a shop on a principal street, instead of a shed in a remote back street.

At its spring meeting in March the Board of Trustees of the Society appointed a committee of five to canvass for subscriptions toward the purchase of a suitable lot and the erection of a building such as we need. Five thousand dollars gold has been fixed as the sum to be solicited. The providing of this sum in whole or a contribution toward it of any size whatever may be looked on as a contribution to the mission cause in Korea of no slight degree of importance.

The catalogue of "tracts" printed by the Society includes chiefly religious publications—eight or ten sheets for handing out; translations of a score of addresses to enquirers, explaining Christianity, which have had the most success in China; translations from the English of such books as Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Foster's Story of the Gospels; a number of reference works prepared in the Korean language, such as Bible Text-book, Harmony of the Gospels, Analysis of Luke, Analysis of John; a variety of catechisms for the instruction chiefly of beginners; and a number of other publications found very useful by those at the front. Each year it also markets some thirty or forty thousand copies of the "Calendar," a sheet in colors containing both the native and foreign calendars and an address to those wholly ignorant of Christianity. It has

during the last two years further made a beginning of publishing a literature aimed to forestall the incoming tide of objectionable and dangerous publications which have complicated missionary work in India and Japan. These include educational works, a series of Chinese Readers, an Arithmetic, and a Botany being the principal ones thus far: and a few urgently needed tractates on practical subjects are also among them, a book of Advice to Mothers, a Hygiene, and a Political Economy. The popularity of all these several publications among the Christians and the general public alike is one of the promising signs of the time in Korea, and the readiness with which even costly books are purchased speaks loudly for the Korean's hunger for mind-food.

FIELD NOTES.

There has been a good movement forward in more than one of our Fusan groups during the past few months, and we have had to add two more to our list of groups; one only 15 miles from here in the Mountain City, inside of a wall which is 25 miles in circumference on the tops of the mountain range running near here. It was built as a city of refuge—from the Japanese—many hundreds of years ago. We have six believers there, two of whom are catechumens. The other place is on the mountain side, in Kinhai County, and numbers about six believers too.

Then we have great joy in our work in Milyang County (as appears in the February *Field*); while in Fusan we were privileged to add seven to our church membership and fifteen to the catechumenate at our last quarterly communion. These are big increases for us, though in the developed north they might appear small. God has begun more slowly here; but we have faith to look for greater things, as we see the signs are many of a great harvest soon.

The last Sunday of the year we elected two elders in the Fusan church, the first in our work in the south of Korea. They are Messrs. Ko and Su; men well versed in the Scripture, apt to teach. If they can pass a satisfactory examination and the Council gives permission, they will be ordained next year.

I have many times been thankful that my first itinerating trip was made through Dr. Underwood's long established work in Whang Hai Do. After one has seen the encouraging signs of progress made, not only along the lines of study and spiritual growth, but also the changes made in their homes, better and cleaner rooms for the missionaries, and larger churches, the difficulties one meets with in new fields are easier borne, if one can look forward hopefully to better things.—*Mrs. S. N. Welbon.*

Mr. Tate writes, March 3rd., "I held an examination at Makie recently and baptized 14 and received 15 persons as catechumens out of a total of 48 applicants. . . . On my last preaching and book-selling tour we sold 241 Gospels and tracts in less than two weeks of work."

So Tenki is growing stronger. My refusal last year to baptize several who were lax in Sabbath observance and the suspension of the leader has toned up the whole group. They have a good primary school and the group promises well.—*Dr. S. A. Moffett.*

We are about two thirds through our Training Class here. There have been some 450 people at the evening services, so that the women's quarters had to be used for the men. It is no small inspiration to see the eager students with their Bibles, both in the class rooms and to meet them at other times.—*From letter of Rev. C. Ross, Feb. 13, 1903.*

From Kunsan Mr. Junkin sends word of 76 applicants for baptism, 31 of whom were received. A large class was held there in the latter part of March.

WITHOUT A HELPER.

April Station Report of Rev. A. G. Welbon

Twenty-seven days of my time since last month's meeting were spent in visiting north Kyeng'kui and Kang Won provinces. It was four months since I visited this district. During that time neither helper nor colporter has visited the people. The effect could only be seen. Very little, if any, advance had been made, except in two or three places where there are fairly good leaders. We need at least one more

helper, the half of whose salary could be raised on the field, and a colporter, to look after the work in this district.

There are 32 places where we have believers. It requires a journey of 1200 *li* to visit them all. I travelled 1,100 *li* on this trip and visited 28 of these towns: held 73 religious meetings of various kinds: examined 68 candidates, baptized one, received to full membership one who had been baptized as an infant; admitted 13 to the catechumen class and baptized two infants. Two members were suspended, one under direction from Committee of Council, the other because of non-attendance and open avowal that he was no longer a believer.

DR. PENTECOST.

One of the missionary's compensations is the visits from time to time of the rope-holders from home who bring with them the aroma of scenes half forgotten and the encouragement of a personal sympathy. Such a day of rare privilege was enjoyed by the members of Seoul Station and of the missionary community in Seoul last month when Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D., and his wife and daughter spent with us the hours of the Genkai Maru's stay in Chemulpo. Very keenly appreciated indeed by all so fortunate as to hear it was the talk he gave us in the evening upon the missionary incentive. It could hardly have been conceived in advance that so many thoughts new to even a missionary community were to be brought together in regard to this theme, and so many too lying before us directly in Scripture. Quite certain is it that none of us will soon forget the stone-breaker or the swinging cork.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY

Kept during a class at Chasan in March, 1902. By Miss Margaret Best.

I have been entertaining some visitors in my room. They came in quietly and sat down to read when they saw that my Bible woman and I were both reading. After a while, when they thought they had read long enough, they began to look around for something to interest themselves in. As so often happens, the English Bible on my lap and "the Presbyterian" that I had been reading

attracted their attention. They began fingering them. One of the women asked my woman, "Does she know how to read all this?" She assured them that I did, had known how to read since I was a child, that in America girls as well as boys went to school. Then they asked her if she knew how to read it too. She laughed and asked them how it would be possible for her to know. They seemed to agree with her, saying almost in a whisper, as if they were afraid they were uttering treason, "Even the namdyeng (the men) can't read it." In a Korean woman's mind all wisdom resides with the men of her family. So to them it was no reflection on my little woman that the reading of English found no place in the list of her attainments. Convinced that I must be a species of Blue-stocking, they then demanded if I ever had done any work in my life. I was glad to be able to meet the arraignment expressed by their faces, if not by their lips, with the statement that the students in the school I had attended in my own land were expected to do some of the work about the house every day as well as study, and that before going away to school I had learned at home how to do a few useful things. I tried to defend myself with becoming modesty knowing that my condition in their eyes was precarious. They seemed favorably impressed with what I had said about the school I had attended. "Why, it is just like the one in Pyeng Yang," they said, "where the boys work with their hands half the day and study the other half;" and when they beamed approval upon me I felt that "good old Park" had saved my reputation and put me still further in her debt. These women are just learning to read themselves. They think it is their duty when they become Christians to learn to read the Bible.

* * *

My old ladies have been in to call on me again. In the course of conversation the subject of the Pyeng Yang Training Class, to be held from March 29th. to April 10th., came up, and one old lady was moved to tell the experience of the first Pyeng Yang class she ever attended, about a year ago. She said she was put in a class in the Gospels taught by Elder Kil. It was all

very nice and interesting, a nice place to be. Mr. Kil was a good teacher. The second day he said, "Now put your books aside and tell me what you studied yesterday." Some had books and some hadn't; some could read and some couldn't; but that didn't make any difference to Mr. Kil. He called on all alike. Some could answer his questions and some couldn't. Finally it came her turn. "Now, auntie, what did we study yesterday?" "Not a word could I tell him," she said. "I didn't know how to read, and *how* could I be expected to know what had been studied?" But Mr. Kil told us that if we couldn't use our eyes we were given our ears to use when anything so important as God's message to sinners was being taught; and I was filled with shame. The next time the class met I stood outside the door, ashamed and afraid to go in. They asked me why I was standing outside, and I told them. They said that wasn't the thing to do; I must go in. I went, but I didn't have a very good time. And that wasn't the worst," she continued. "When I went home and told my family how I had suffered shame before so many people my men folk laughed and asked me what I had gone to Pyeng Yang for and why I had spent all that money in paying traveling expenses and board, if I hadn't expected to learn anything at the class." She can read well now, and she is 56 years old.

SOME FRUITS IN CHULLA DO.

By Rev. Eugene Bell.

On my return to the Mokpo field from America the enthusiastic reception given me by the native Christians was very gratifying, and it was a great pleasure to note the development of the work. The local congregation is now preparing to erect a nice, neat house of worship, for which they have already secured and prepared the site. It is to be built almost exclusively with native funds, two or three of the members subscribing what would amount to from their standpoint \$100 each in United States currency.

But it is about a trip to three or four outstations, from which I have just returned, that I wish to speak. At the first

place, about five miles from Mokpo, Mr. McCutchen and I spent the night. Here there are only one or two who profess to believe, but at our evening and morning service there were about fifty to listen attentively. At the next place, the magistracy of Naju, 35 miles further, there are two believers and we had an audience of eight or ten more. At Pat-tatung, ten miles from there, we examined 18 applicants for baptism and received four men and four women into the catechumen class. At Hannamal, ten miles further on, there were five applicants, three of whom were received. At Engge, fifteen miles from there, we had a congregation on Sunday morning of about 100. Here we had 25 applicants, 11 of whom were received into the class. This group of believers has already built a neat house of worship that will accommodate 300 and has a nice room of their missionary to occupy on his visits.

At each of these last three places they have practically agreed to support the leader we may select and send to them. They will also pay all other incidental expenses from the start, thus falling in line with the self-supporting principle on which we are trying to establish all our work.

On all sides there are calls for the missionary that he cannot answer. Our hands are more than full and we urgently need more workers to help us look after the work already established, to say nothing of the vast outlying districts where the name of Jesus has never been heard. May our hearts all be cheered in the fall by receiving several new workers for whom we have been praying and waiting.

OMOK-EE.

From Annual Report of Rev. J. S. Gale.

Among the listeners for the last year, who sat at my feet on Sunday morning, was a little dot often called Omok-ee. She was the smallest in the class, and many a time had I put my hand on her glossy head, combed so so smoothly, to measure how much she had grown since last we met. She grew, but still she was a very little girl, not more than seven at most. Her people lived three hundred miles to the

south, and it was brave of Omok-ee to come all the way alone to school. She read her verse always so well, though at first she was nervous and used to choke a little. Her bright eyes shone when she heard of Jesus, and she listened till there was a restful happy picture on Omok-ee's face. At last the long winter was through, lessons and study and sewing were over, and Omok-ee bade goodbye; for she was going home. Aboard the iron ship at Chemulpo she saw the chains and anchors and big engines on fire down below, and heard the snorting and hissing of steam, but she was not afraid, for Jesus used to walk round on the sea, and He was watching. He was strong and loving, and would keep Omok-ee just where he wanted her. In a little the ship turned out of the harbor and went churning through the water. Later it was night and all was dark and there was fog, but the ship ploughed on. Omok-ee was asleep down below, dreaming of home. I wonder which, was it home in Mokpo, or away off in heaven, where Jesus lives? Another ship was coming in the dark, straight for them, but they did not see. On they rushed fiercely. Still no one saw; till a great crash sounded out on that lonely sea, and Omok-ee's ship was cut most in two. The waters rolled in, and, all helpless, with anchors and chains and engines, little sleeping Omok-ee went down two hundred feet in the deep, deep sea. Her dream of home had come true, just lengthened out, and there she was in heaven with Jesus, close beside Him, with no more danger or hardship or sorrow. Happy little Omok-ee!

THE ART OF READING.

From March Station Report of Mrs. S. N. Welton.

Last month I made my third trip to Pai Chun. A year ago I was much discouraged in finding so few women able to read and none making much effort to learn.

Munsunie's mother, wife of a hat-maker, is an attractive young woman in comfortable circumstances with no good reason for not knowing how read. Her little girl of six years, an only child is

always ready with the Golden Text and knows many of the hymns. She is a dear little girl, loved and petted by everyone, yet seemingly quite unspoiled by it all. A handful of parched beans or chestnuts are divided by little Munsunie among the children and all the toothless old grandmothers in the room, she not seeming to care if none are left for herself. "You must learn to read," I said to the mother, who then could not even find the hymns; "ask your husband to teach you." "I have tried to learn," she answered, "and sometimes ask him to help me, but he says I am too stupid and that it would be easier to teach Munsunie than me." "The idea of you being too old and stupid: why, you are not yet thirty. Ask him again." "But he laughs at me so. Why, he told me once," and here all the women began laughing with her, evidently having heard the story before, "He said it was useless for me to try to learn like other people, but that he would write the characters on paper for me and I could put them to soak in a bowl of water and afterward I could drink the water; then I would have them all inside of me and perhaps some might stick in my mind."

Pak syebang's wife had less excuse, for her husband was willing to teach her and had taught his oldest child, a girl of fifteen. Pointing proudly to her, the mother said "Hyungsungie reads well, but I am too busy to learn."

Yu syebang's wife, a woman of forty-three years, baptized as were the others some years ago, had made little progress and did not seem capable of much. Parts of three hymns, "Jewels," "Praise Him, Jesus, Our Blessed Redeemer," and "I am coming to the Cross," were the extent of her learning. She never missed a service and always brought with her the baby girl; such a sturdy, plump, good-natured baby she was! "There were nine before she came, but not one lived to be five years old and now she is all I have left, and a girl too; but she is precious. Please give her a name." "Why, she is a precious jewel, isn't she? Let's call her Jewel, and you can always remember her name because you know the hymn so well." And from that day, much to her delight, the woman was called "Pobie's mother." Strong as she seemed, the rainy season was too

much for little Pobie, and last October, when our second visit was made to Pai Chun, the mother's arms were empty. Instead she brought with her a new hymn-book, in which very slowly she was learning to read. "I am old and my eyes are dull, but I have more time now," she said.

The first greetings were hardly over when the women began telling me that Munsunies's mother had learned to read and her husband had given her a Bible and hymn-book. She took great pleasure in her books, and it did us good to see her finding her hymns and Bible readings at church services.

Visiting every group in the district last October and November, I had an opportunity to see the women in their homes and became at least slightly acquainted with all of them and their families. A very small per cent of them could read and even in the homes of leaders and helpers the women were sadly in need of the most simple Gospel teachings. The wife of a well-known leader, a man who has done much good work in preaching and spreading the Gospel in villages far away from his home, amazed me by her ignorance in everyday affairs. Hearing that we were starting for home next day, she told the other women standing by that we were leaving for America. "Not America," corrected our Boy, "they live in Seoul." "I did not know it," she answered, "I thought they went and came from America every time. My, they have *two* pony loads of baggage and have been away from home only five weeks; how can they use so much in that short time? Do they take all their household goods with them when they itinerate?" The Boy's "Aniolseita" was polite, but his tone expressed more than his words.

"We have seven Christian homes here" the men said with some pride in a far away mountain village visited by the missionary last November for the first time. "Have you taught the women the Gospel too? Are they ready for examination?" asked the Moksa. "The women? Oh, no, they do not know anything. It's true they all gather in the other room when we meet on Sundays, and they listen when we sing and teach, but as for learning anything they are too stupid." It was

amusing to see the looks that came over the faces when Mr. Welbon said, "Well, then you really have no Christian homes in the village; they are only half houses until your women and children are taught." Everywhere the women were urged to learn to read and to attend the February class in Pai Chun.

THE CHRISTIAN NEWS.

By Rev. F. S. Miller.

This evening I sat for an hour, listening to a roomful of Christians talking about the "News" and how much it was to them in their Christian lives.

One man is a consumptive, whose last days on earth are being brightened by the weekly arrival of the News away down in his Chung Chong Do home. He told how he read the Old and New Testament Sunday School lessons, the history of the Reformation, the scientific articles and the news. "Why," he said "it's a whole school in itself. It tells where every thing comes from, the oil in that lamp, how the natives of South America gather India rubber, and what the western nations are doing—everything. I took it to the teacher of the village school and he couldn't read it at all. He did not know where South Africa is, nor anything about the war that was carried on there. I asked him what the use of his Chinese was anyhow, if he could not read a paper and knew nothing about the world." So he went on, and I realized how the gap in intelligence was widening between the Christians and the heathen.

Another man spoke of the Reformation, and they carried on a conversation about the sale of indulgences that made me shake lest they turn on me with some question that would show they knew more about the Reformation than I did. Then they told story after story that they had read in the "News." In one church, they said, they gathered in the evening and read aloud till they finished the paper.

The consumptive said the letter man had to bring his paper forty *li* and it was often the only errand he had that trip; but the paper came regularly, deep snow or mud. Another man said that

the first time the carrier brought his paper he complained so that he gave him his supper, kept him all night, for he had come twenty miles with that one paper, and gave him his breakfast and a pair of straw shoes in the morning. Then he sat down to count how much the paper would cost him at that rate—fourteen dollars (Korean) per year. So he appealed to the Helper and learned that the carrier was paid for his work already. The next time the paper came he carrier demanded the same pay, but he rewarded him with two cents. That was one thing the paper had taught him, the use of the post-office.

Thus, as they chatted away, I saw that a church without the "News" is, to use a Korean proverb, a "frog in a well," it sees nothing but a round piece of blue sky above. The paper is doing good work, better than we can know till we see the accumulated results by and by.

A BUSY FORTNIGHT.

By Miss E. L. Shields.

I left Syen Chyun Jan. 16 to help Miss Chase in the class work at Sin Chang. Only one Bible woman, Kang Si, was with us. Miss Chase's Korean boy went along to do the cooking and other necessary work. One horse carried our boxes of provisions, bedding, etc. The Korean woman and I went in Korean chairs; Miss Chase had one of her own. The first day we went 80 *li*, and staid all night at Nong Chun Kwan. We had a nice clean room, but it was so warm that we could hardly sleep. The old lady who keeps the inn is not a Christian, but treated us very nicely. The second day we traveled 60 *li*, reaching our destination before dark on Saturday. The regular preparatory service was held by the Koreans on Saturday evening before their Sunday worship. I missed the sight but not the sounds of that, for Miss Chase and I were occupying part of the same building—the room that was usually occupied by the boys' school, and on Sunday is used as part of the women's room. I wonder if I can describe the room in which we ate and slept and lived during our eight days sojourn. Size eight by eight feet; on one side a living room occupied by the church-keeper, a widow and her small son; nice paper

doors separating the two rooms but when open throwing all the space into one room; on the other side, paper doors on good frame but paper more dilapidated; these may open entirely across the room too, so that this ell used by the women on Sunday, is only separated by a muslin curtain from the main part of the church. This curtain may be hung on one side or the other according to the audience of men or women.

The first morning we were startled by bonfires in the main part of the building. We learned that such was the method of heating the church. Piles of leaves were fired and more fuel added until a certain amount of heat had penetrated, then doors were opened to allow the smoke to escape. Stones were not plentiful in the neighborhood and the expense of buying them was not undertaken, so the usual fines under the floor were not put in. The walls and ceiling have had a mud wash. Coarse reed mats are laid on the floor. One door and small window opened off from our room south and looked so strong and neat when we first went in that we concluded not to cut a square for ventilation, but opened the door a little space instead. I suppose 24 hours had not passed before there were numerous holes in that beautiful door, quietly pressed in by a wet finger, that curiosity might be satisfied regarding the going's-on of the foreigners inside the room. Fortunately we had taken some curtains with us and made some arrangements for further privacy. We had to curtain almost half the wall space in order to feel comfortable. Our two cots, small table, and bracket of a hanging lamp belonging to the room, a camp chair which Miss Chase always takes with her, a food box, and a line stretched across our room, formed most of the furnishings.

When we were cold we had a charcoal fire—in an iron vessel—brought into the room. Our belongings were somewhat scattered about, we can't very well find "a place for everything and keep everything in its place" during a short and somewhat busy sojourn. Dingy, dark rooms, mud floors (remember this is always mud when it is made into floors, but is usually dry and hard when in use); mud wash on walls and ceilings, instead of clean pretty wall paper—how can one

expect the best things from such homes? One is often surprised at what some of these Korean women can do in the midst of such discouraging surroundings. I used to dread going in through the little hole of the door to such close dreary looking quarters, after having been out of doors with all the fresh air and sunshine that one finds under the dome of clear sky. Think what it must be to do it habitually!

On our first Sunday a crowd of women, about one hundred, gathered for Sunday School. Part of the 15th chapter of Luke was the subject. Miss Chase took some of the women to a smaller room, leaving her Bible woman with me, to help teach the remainder. There were 74 women, including at least a dozen sightseers, besides children. Never before did I help teach such a Sunday School class! Kang-si emphasized some of the beautiful thoughts of that wonderful chapter, after a number of us had talked about the story and its meaning, and perfect attention was given by nearly all present.

My classes were held that week in the afternoons, on selected topics. It was a privilege to help direct the thoughts and open to the eyes and hearts of those eager women some of the treasures of the Book which have brought us life and blessing. Heart-searching questions were often asked us. One woman who seemed especially desirous of learning the way more perfectly asked me if I kept all the commandments of Christ. During our out-of-class intercourse with the women we were supposed to be equal to encyclopedias. While making one call a number of women gathered around us and *fired questions*. We had already told them that there were many people in America who were not Christians, as well as many who were. "How do Americans bury their dead?" "Do they wear mourning?" "Are there poor people in America?" One had heard that everybody was rich. "Are there blind people there and do they beg for a living?" and they were greatly interested in hearing of schools and homes for the blind, and books with raised letters for them to read. They wondered whether there were Christians among them. Here

many are sorcerers. Sometimes when we took walks we made rough outlines of maps—the United States, Japan, Korea—in the snow, to help in answering questions, especially illustrating size and position by telling the number of miles from one place to another.

We were glad for certain opportunities which we had to speak plainly of hygiene. The first object lesson was given by rubbing a baby's chest with camphorated oil and covering it with cotton batting. The child had been carried forty *li* on its mother's back during severe weather and had taken a dreadful cold. The mother had come to attend the class. I am glad to say the baby got better. Numerous other requests for advice came in, and external use of water was highly recommended in various cases. One afternoon we devoted to a talk and study about what the Scriptures say of the care of our bodies; that since they are gifts from God and become the temples of the Holy Ghost, they are not our own but are to be used for God's glory. In one house where we called the man had been staying at home to let his wife attend the class. Here we found a blind child about five years old. We were asked if he could be cured; but the women spoke with pride and gratitude of how bright he was, how well he could hear and remember, and did not dwell at all on his deprivation.

The second Sunday of our stay in Sin Chang was a red-letter day for me. A morning study with the Bible woman and the deacon, preparatory to the teaching of the Sunday School lesson; then a class of sixty women, Kang-si helping, and Luke 16, 1-15 as text, furnished material for a most interesting session. I almost felt like quoting Mrs. Welbon "I never enjoyed anything in my life so much as these country classes." This Sunday was very cold. A sharp north wind was blowing. I left on Monday morning for an 80 *li* ride. It was cold but I was well wrapped up—wool comfort, steamer rug, hot water bag, and all the clothes I could manage, so didn't suffer. The two coolies, the Christian who was my escort and a Christian man who had my horse load, all helped to take very good care of me.

